

# The Thought of God

Second Series





A. G. Symmes

from

Mrs. A. G. Freeman

Easter 1910



THE THOUGHT OF GOD

IN

HYMNS AND POEMS

*Second Series*

*By the Same Authors.*



THE THOUGHT OF GOD IN HYMNS  
AND POEMS. *First Series.*  
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THE  
THOUGHT OF GOD  
IN  
HYMNS AND POEMS

*Second Series*

BY  
FREDERICK L. HOSMER  
AND  
WILLIAM C. GANNETT

BOSTON  
ROBERTS BROTHERS  
1894

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BY FREDERICK L. HOSMER AND  
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# CONTENTS

	PAGE
One Law, One Life, One Love . . . F. L. H. . .	9
‘Who Wert and Art and Evermore Shalt Be’ . . . . . W. C. G. . .	11
In Lonely Vigil . . . . . F. L. H. . .	13
Edelweiss: <i>Translation</i> . . . . . “ . .	14
Edelweiss . . . . . “ . .	15
The Crowning Day . . . . . W. C. G. . .	16
The Day of God . . . . . F. L. H. . .	18
The Inward Witness . . . . . “ . .	20
Thou who art Strong to Heal . . . . . “ . .	22
The Heavenly Helper . . . . . “ . .	24
Church-Bells . . . . . W. C. G. . .	26
Sun-Gleams . . . . . “ . .	29
The Grace of God . . . . . F. L. H. . .	30
In Littles . . . . . W. C. G. . .	31
With Self Dissatisfied . . . . . F. L. H. . .	33
Behind and Before . . . . . “ . .	35
‘Think on These Things’. . . . . “ . .	38
The Cross on the Flag . . . . . “ . .	40

	PAGE
From Generation to Generation . . . F. L. H. . .	42
Holy Places . . . . . " . .	44
The Building of the Temple . . . W. C. G. . .	46
The Word of God . . . . . " . .	48
Unto Him All Live . . . . . F. L. H. . .	50
Easter Morn . . . . . " . .	51
Risen . . . . . " . .	52
What will the Violets be . . . . W. C. G. . .	54
Over the Land in Glory . . . . . F. L. H. . .	55
Easter Festival . . . . . " . .	57
Discipleship . . . . . " . .	59
The Man of Nazareth . . . . . " . .	62
Mary's Manger-Song . . . . . W. C. G. . .	64
Whittier . . . . . F. L. H. . .	66
Whittier . . . . . W. C. G. . .	67
'Nothing but a Poet' . . . . . " . .	68
Rembrandt . . . . . F. L. H. . .	70
The Sower . . . . . " . .	72
John C. Learned . . . . . " . .	75
'Incarnate Cheer' . . . . . W. C. G. . .	76
Thirty Thousand . . . . . " . .	77
Golden Wedding . . . . . " . .	79
Twilight . . . . . " . .	82
'Death as Friend' . . . . . " . .	84
A. L. G. . . . . " . .	87
Alma Mater . . . . . F. L. H. . .	89
The Village Meeting-House . . . . " . .	91

# CONTENTS

vii

	PAGE
The Days . . . . .	W. C. G. . . 95
The Old Love-Song . . . . .	" . . 97
The Dear Togetherness . . . . .	" . . 99
Hero by Brevet . . . . .	" . . 101
Nursery Logic . . . . .	" . . 103
How Little Jo Named the Baby . .	F. L. H. . . 106
In the Albula Pass . . . . .	" . . 109
Coronado Beach . . . . .	" . . 111
Dover . . . . .	W. C. G. . . 112
We See as we Are . . . . .	" . . 114
Tree-Surprise . . . . .	" . . 115
A Day in October . . . . .	F. L. H. . . 117



## ONE LAW, ONE LIFE, ONE LOVE

O PROPHET souls of all the years,  
Bend o'er us from above ;  
Your far-off vision, toils and tears  
Now to fulfilment move !

From tropic clime and zones of frost  
They come, of every name, —  
This, this our day of Pentecost,  
The Spirit's tongue of flame !

The ancient barriers disappear :  
Down bow the mountains high ;  
The sea-divided shores draw near  
In a world's unity.

One Life together we confess,  
One all-indwelling Word,  
One holy Call to righteousness  
Within the silence heard :

10 *ONE LAW, ONE LIFE, ONE LOVE*

One Law that guides the shining spheres  
As on through space they roll,  
And speaks in flaming characters  
On Sinais of the soul :

One Love, unfathomed, measureless,  
An ever-flowing sea,  
That holds within its vast embrace  
Time and eternity.

World's Parliament of Religions  
CHICAGO, 1893

‘WHO WERT AND ART AND  
EVERMORE SHALT BE’

BRING, O Morn, thy music! Bring, O  
Night, thy hushes!  
Oceans, laugh the rapture to the storm-winds  
coursing free!  
Suns and stars are singing, Thou art our  
Creator,  
Who wert and art and evermore shalt  
be!

Life and Death, thy creatures, praise thee,  
Mighty Giver!  
Praise and prayer are rising in thy beast  
and bird and tree:  
Lo! they praise and vanish, vanish at thy  
bidding, —  
Who wert and art and evermore shalt  
be!

Light us ! lead us ! love us ! cry thy grop-  
ing nations,  
Pleading in the thousand tongues but nam-  
ing only thee,  
Weaving blindly out thy holy, happy pur-  
pose, —  
Who wert and art and evermore shalt  
be !

Life nor Death can part us, O thou Love  
Eternal,  
Shepherd of the wandering star and souls  
that wayward flee !  
Homeward draws the spirit to thy Spirit  
yearning, —  
Who wert and art and evermore shalt  
be !



## IN LONELY VIGIL

O THOU in lonely vigil led  
To follow Truth's new-risen star  
Ere yet her morning skies are red,  
And vale and upland shadowed are, —

Gird up thy loins and take thy road,  
Obedient to the vision be :  
Trust not in numbers ; God is God,  
And one with Him majority !

Soon pass the judgments of the hour,  
Forgotten are the scorn and blame ;  
The Word moves on, a gladdening power,  
And safe enshrines the prophet's fame,

Now, as of old, in lowly plight  
The Christ of larger faith is born :  
The watching shepherds come by night,  
And then — the kings of earth at morn !

Emerson Commemoration, W. U. C., 1888

## EDELWEISS

*From the German of Hermann Lingg*

Ox the rock and girt with ice,  
Neighbor to the circling star,  
Bloomest thou, dear edelweiss,  
From all other flowers afar;  
By their joyous spring unblest,  
Lonely on the rock's cold breast.

Where the lightnings have their home,  
And the startled chamois listen,  
Where the plunging waters foam,  
Eagles reign, and glaciers glisten, —  
Death and terror everywhere, —  
Pure and glad thou bloomest there.

So stands he in noble pain,  
Lone anear the arching heaven,  
Lonely proud, who worldly gain,  
Smiles and honors, all has given  
Freely as his freedom's price, —  
As thou bloomest, edelweiss!

## EDELWEISS

THIS edelweiss I wear was not first mine ;  
I had it cheaply in the little town  
Of one who from the mountains had come  
down ;

A meek-eyed man, rough-clad, with many a  
sign

Of burning sun and of the tempest's frown.  
Now through the valley, with its corn and  
wine,

His star-blooms badge the thronging tourists  
fine

Whose feet his toilsome path have never  
known.

O prophet souls, who with bruised feet have  
trod

The heaven-lit heights and thence to us have  
brought

Your wider vision, your high-hearted faith,  
Your hope for Man, your larger thought of  
God, —

We wear your edelweiss ; Life's common lot  
Ever to your high service witnesseth !

SWITZERLAND, 1888

## THE CROWNING DAY

THE morning hangs its signal  
Upon the mountain's crest,  
While all the sleeping valleys  
In silent darkness rest;  
From peak to peak it flashes,  
It laughs along the sky  
That the crowning day is coming by and by!  
*Chorus:* O, the crowning day is coming,  
Is coming by and by!  
We can see the rose of morning,  
A glory in the sky.  
And that splendor on the hill-tops  
O'er all the land shall lie  
In the crowning day that 's coming  
by and by!

Above the generations  
The lonely prophets rise, —  
The Truth flings dawn and day-star  
Within their glowing eyes;

From heart to heart it brightens,  
    It draweth ever nigh,  
Till it crowneth all men thinking, by and by !  
*Chorus* : O, the crowning day is coming !

The soul hath lifted moments  
    Above the drift of days,  
When life's great meaning breaketh  
    In sunrise on our ways ;  
From hour to hour it haunts us,  
    The vision draweth nigh,  
Till it crowneth living, *dying*, by and by !  
*Chorus* : O, the crowning day is coming !

And in the sunrise standing,  
    Our kindling hearts confess  
That ' no good thing is failure,  
    No evil thing success ! '   
From age to age it groweth,  
    That radiant faith so high,  
And its crowning day is coming by and by !  
*Chorus* : O, the crowning day is coming !

MUSIC : ' Gospel Hymns,' No. 416. 1886

## THE DAY OF GOD

THY kingdom come, — on bended knee  
The passing ages pray ;  
And faithful souls have yearned to see  
On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night  
Not less to God belong,  
And for the everlasting Right  
The silent stars are strong.

And lo ! already on the hills  
The flags of dawn appear ;  
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,  
Proclaim the day is near !

The day in whose clear-shining light  
All wrong shall stand revealed ;  
When justice shall be throned in might,  
And every hurt be healed :

When knowledge hand in hand with peace  
Shall walk the earth abroad, —  
The day of perfect righteousness,  
The promised day of God!

M. T. S., June 12, 1891

## THE INWARD WITNESS

O THOU whose Spirit witness bears  
Within our spirits free  
That we thy children are and heirs  
Of thine eternity, —

Here may this simple faith sublime  
O'er-arch us like the sky;  
Secure below the drift of time  
Its firm foundations lie.

Our thought o'erflows each written scroll,  
Our creeds, they rise and fall;  
The life of God within the soul  
Lives and outlasts them all.

Here may that witness clearer grow  
Each waiting heart within,  
The way of filial duty show  
And glad obedience win.



Here be life's sorrows sanctified,  
Here truth her radiance pour ;  
While hope and faith and love abide.  
Forever more and more !

For T. K., OMAHA, 1891

THOU WHO ART STRONG TO  
HEAL

O FOUNT of Being's sea,  
Forever flowing free,  
    The One in all, —  
Thou whom no eye e'er saw,  
Indwelling Love and Law,  
To thee we suppliant draw,  
    On thee we call.

Be consecrate to truth,  
In manhood as in youth,  
    Our growing powers;  
That we may read thy thought  
Nature and Life inwrought,  
Thy perfect will be taught,  
    And make it ours !

Thine image may we own  
In Man, creation's crown,  
    These temples thine :

Holy our calling be,  
From bonds of pain to free,  
And bring the liberty  
Of life divine !

Thy presence still abide  
Within these walls to guide,  
Inspire and bless ;  
Thou who art strong to heal,  
The Christ-like touch reveal,  
And in each spirit seal  
Thy tenderness !

Rush Medical College, CHICAGO, 1891

## THE HEAVENLY HELPER

UNTO thee, abiding ever,  
Look I in my need,  
Strength of every good endeavor,  
Holy thought and deed !

Thou dost guide the stars of heaven,  
Heal the broken heart,  
Bring in turn the morn and even, —  
Law and Love thou art.

Clouds and darkness are about thee,  
Just and sure thy throne, —  
Not a sparrow falls without thee,  
All to thee is known.

Origin and end of being,  
All things in and through, —  
Light thou art of all my seeing,  
Power to will and do.

Through my life, whate'er betide me,  
Thou my trust shalt be ;  
Whom have I on earth beside thee,  
Whom in heaven but thee ?

1886

## CHURCH-BELLS

OVER hills and valleys,  
Over prairies wide,  
Quiet call the church-bells  
To the altar-side.  
High in old cathedrals  
Chant the brazen lips,  
Down the leafy by-ways  
Airy pleading slips.

In his toil the worker  
Pauses at the sound, —  
Heaven a little nearer,  
Earth a holier ground.  
At the sound the Sundays  
With low music fill, —  
Hark! the lands are singing,  
Then with prayers are still.

Softer than the church-bells  
With their mellow peal,  
Softer, sweeter calling,  
Mystic voices steal;

All the shadowy valleys  
Memory calls her own,  
All the spirit's hill-tops  
Listen for the tone.

Every soul that listens  
Hears the secret chime, —  
Bells from quiet inlands  
Out of space or time;  
Mother-tones will stir them,  
Child-appeals will start,  
Hero-deeds will set them  
Ringing in the heart.

Matin calls of duty  
Wake us every day;  
'Mid each happy labor  
Angelus says 'Pray !'  
Every hour that passes  
Hath a vesper end,  
Breathing, 'One who sleeps not  
Is thy constant Friend.'

Every hope that wings us,  
    Making eagle-free,  
Every shame that bows us,  
    Every loyalty,  
Each new joy and laughter,  
    Sorrows old that bide, —  
Are God's church-bells calling  
    To an altar-side.

1891



## SUN-GLEAMS

As silent as the sun-gleam in the forest,  
As quiet as the shadow on the hill,  
Is the shining of the Spirit in our dimness,  
Is the falling of its calm upon our will.

But subtler than the sun-lift in the leaf-bud,  
That thrills through all the forests, making May,  
And stronger than the strength that plants  
the mountains,  
Is that shining in the heart-lands, bringing  
day.

AUSABLE PONDS, 1889

## THE GRACE OF GOD

*'My grace is sufficient for thee'*

'MID my life's vicissitude,  
Seeming evil mixed with good ;  
'Mid its pleasure and its pain,  
Alternating loss and gain, —  
Be thou still my staff and rod,  
All-sustaining grace of God !

Like a pilgrim here I pass,  
Darkly see as through a glass ;  
Little know I of the way,  
What shall be I cannot say, —  
Let thy light upon me shine,  
All-sufficient grace divine !

'Mid my ever-changing mood  
God who changeth not is good ;  
And his word within I have,  
He will guard the life he gave, —  
Sing, my soul, along thy road,  
Happy in the grace of God.

## IN LITTLES

A LITTLE House of Life,  
With many noises rife,  
    Noises of joy and crime;  
A little gate of birth  
Through which I slipped to Earth  
    And found myself in Time.

And there, not far before,  
Another little door,  
    One day to swing so free!  
None pauses there to knock,  
No other hand tries lock, —  
    It knows, and waits for me.

From out what Silent Land  
I came, on Earth to stand  
    And learn life's little art,  
Is not in me to say:  
I know I did not stray, —  
    Was *sent*; to come, my part.

And down what Silent Shore  
Beyond yon little door  
    I pass, I cannot tell ;  
I know I shall not stray,  
Nor ever lose the way, —  
    Am *sent* ; and all is well.

1891

## WITH SELF DISSATISFIED

Not when, with self dissatisfied,  
O Lord, I lowly lie,  
So much I need thy grace to guide,  
And thy reproving eye, —

As when the sound of human praise  
Grows pleasant to my ear,  
And in its light my broken ways  
Fair and complete appear.

By failure and defeat made wise,  
We come to know at length  
What strength within our weakness lies,  
What weakness in our strength :

What inward peace is born of strife,  
What power, of being spent ;  
What wings unto our upward life  
Is noble discontent.

O Lord, we need thy shaming look  
That burns all low desire ;  
The discipline of thy rebuke  
Shall be refining fire !

1893

## BEHIND AND BEFORE

‘ONE thing I do; the things behind forgetting

And reaching forward to the things before,  
Unto the goal, the prize of God’s high calling,  
Onward I press,’ — said that great soul of yore.

And in the heart, like strains of martial music,

Echo the words of courage, trust, and cheer,

The while we stand, half hoping, half regretting,

Between the coming and the parting year.

Behind are joys, fond hopes that found fulfilment,

Sweet fellowships, glad toil of hand and brain.

Unanswered prayers, burdens of loss and  
sorrow,  
Faces that look no more in ours again.

Before us lie the hills, sunlit with promise,  
Fairer fulfilments than the past could  
know,  
New growths of soul, new leadings of the  
Spirit,  
And all the glad surprises God will show.

All we have done, or nobly failed in doing,  
All we have been, or bravely striven to be,  
Makes for our gain, within us still surviving  
As power and larger possibility.

All, all shall count; the mingled joy and  
sorrow  
To force of finer being rise at last :  
From the crude ores in trial's furnace smelted  
The image of the perfect life is cast.

'Onward I press, the things behind forget-  
ting  
And reaching forward to the things be-  
fore :'



Ring the brave words like strains of martial  
music

As we pass through the New Year's  
opened door.

1890

## ‘THINK ON THESE THINGS’

*‘Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.’*

WHATSOEVER is just and pure,  
Think on these things, my soul !  
Earth shall vanish, but these endure,  
Think on these things, my soul !  
When all else shall fail thee,  
These shall still avail thee ;  
Think on these things, strive for these things,  
Cherish these things, my soul !

Truth and honor, they call to thee,  
Think on these things, my soul !  
What of virtue and praise there be,  
Think on these things, my soul !

These have been the glory  
Of all human story ;  
Think on these things, strive for these things,  
Cherish these things, my soul !

Faithful spirits before have gone,  
Think on these things, my soul !  
Grand thy heritage, hero-won,  
Think on these things, my soul !  
From all brave endeavor  
Springeth good forever ;  
Think on these things, strive for these things,  
Cherish these things, my soul !

Music : 'Gospel Hymns,' No. 282

## THE CROSS ON THE FLAG

FROM age to age they gather, all the brave  
of heart and strong,  
In the strife of truth with error, of the right  
against the wrong;  
I can see their gleaming banner, I can hear  
their triumph-song:  
The Truth is marching on!

' In this sign we conquer; ' 't is the symbol  
of our faith,  
Made holy by the might of love triumphant  
over death;  
He finds his life who loseth it, forevermore  
it saith:  
The Right is marching on!

The earth is circling onward out of shadow  
into light;  
The stars keep watch above our way, how-  
ever dark the night;

For every martyr's stripe there glows a bar  
of morning bright :

And Love is marching on !

Lead on, O cross of martyr-faith, with thee  
is victory !

Shine forth, O stars and reddening dawn,  
the full day yet shall be !

On earth his kingdom cometh, and with joy  
our eyes shall see :

Our God is marching on !

For S. S. H., DECORAH, IA., 1891

## FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

O LIGHT, from age to age the same,  
Forever living Word, —  
Here have we felt thy kindling flame,  
Thy voice within have heard.

Here holy thought and hymn and prayer  
Have winged the spirit's powers,  
And made these walls divinely fair, —  
Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

What visions rise above the years,  
What tender memories throng,  
Till the eye fills with happy tears,  
The heart with grateful song !

Vanish the mists of time and sense ;  
They come, the loved of yore,  
And one encircling Providence  
Holds all for evermore.

O, not in vain their toil who wrought  
To build faith's freer shrine, —  
Nor theirs whose steadfast love and thought  
Have watched the fire divine.

Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide !  
While systems rise and fall,  
Faith, hope, and charity abide,  
The heart and soul of all.

QUINCY, ILL. : Fiftieth Anniversary, 1890

## HOLY PLACES

WHERE men on mounts of vision  
Have passed the veil within,  
Where hearts bowed in contrition  
Have risen from their sin,  
Where light on upturned faces  
Earth's Calvaries has crowned, --  
Here are her holy places,  
This, consecrated ground.

Where life is nobly given  
And man for man has died,  
Where bonds of wrong are riven  
And right is glorified, --  
One faith the spirit traces,  
Brightening from age to age ;  
These are earth's holy places  
And shrines of pilgrimage.



Here, Lord, may thy revealing  
In waiting hearts be known,  
Here holier thought and feeling  
The secret Presence own :  
May prayer and aspiration,  
In-shinings of thy grace,  
And sorrow's consolation  
Make this our holy place !

Still from the spirit's essence  
All things new meaning win ;  
The temple of thy presence  
Is ever, Lord, within.  
May outward dedication  
Have inward seal and sign,  
The spirit's consecration  
Make beautiful the shrine !

For C. W. W., OAKLAND, CAL., 1891

## THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE

### THE CORNER-STONE

HE laid his rocks in courses,  
His forest crowned the hill,  
He yoked the ancient forces  
And lent them to our will ;  
The heart he woke to duty,  
He graced the builder's thought,—  
He gave Creation beauty,  
And he the Temple wrought !

Now, Father, build within us  
The 'Temple's counterpart,  
Deep laid in holy purpose,  
Fair colored of the heart ;  
Its windows heaven-lighted,  
Peace and Good-will its plan,  
Its towers our Faith and Worship,  
Its doors the Love of Man !

THE DEDICATION

To cloisters of the spirit  
    These aisles of quiet lead :  
Here may the vision gladden,  
    The voice within us plead !  
And may the dear All-Father,  
    Who maketh trouble cease,  
Here send his two, the blessed,  
    His angels Shame and Peace !

Here be no man a stranger ;  
    No holy cause be banned ;  
No good for one be counted  
    Not good for all the land !  
And here for prophet voices  
    The message never fail, —  
‘ God reigns ! His Truth shall conquer,  
    And Right and Love prevail ! ’

## THE WORD OF GOD

It sounds along the ages,  
Soul answering to soul ;  
It kindles on the pages  
Of every Bible scroll ;  
The psalmists heard and sang it,  
From martyr-lips it broke,  
And prophet-tongues outrang it  
Till sleeping nations woke.

From Sinai's cliffs it echoed,  
It breathed from Buddha's tree,  
It charmed in Athens' market,  
It gladdened Galilee ;  
The hammer-stroke of Luther,  
The Pilgrims' sea-side prayer,  
The oracles of Concord,  
One holy Word declare.

It dates each new ideal, —  
    Itself it knows not time;  
Man's laws but catch the music  
    Of its eternal chime.  
It calls — and lo, new Justice!  
    It speaks — and lo, new Truth!  
In ever nobler stature  
    And unexhausted youth.

It everywhere arriveth;  
    Recks not of small and great;  
It shapes the unborn atom,  
    It tells the sun its fate.  
The wing-beat of archangel  
    Its boundary never nears:  
Forever on it soundeth  
    The music of the spheres!

1894

## UNTO HIM ALL LIVE

O LORD of Life, where'er they be,  
Safe in thine own eternity,  
Our dead are living unto thee.

All souls are thine and, here or there,  
They rest within thy sheltering care;  
One providence alike they share.

Thy word is true, thy ways are just;  
Above the requiem 'dust to dust'  
Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust.

O happy they in God who rest,  
No more by fear and doubt oppressed;  
Living or dying they are blest.

Alleluia!

## EASTER MORN

ON eyes that watch through sorrow's night,  
On aching hearts and worn,  
Rise thou with healing in thy light,  
O happy Easter morn !

The dead earth wakes beneath thy rays,  
The tender grasses spring ;  
The woods put on their robes of praise,  
And flowers are blossoming.

O shine within the spirit's skies,  
Till, in thy kindling glow,  
From out the buried memories  
Immortal hopes shall grow :

Till from the seed oft sown in grief,  
And wet with bitter tears,  
Our faith shall bind the harvest sheaf  
Of the eternal years !

## RISEN

THEY came, bringing spices, at break of the  
day

With hearts heavy-laden and sore,  
And, lo, from the tomb was the stone rolled  
away,

An angel sat there by the door !  
' Why seek ye the living 'mid emblems of  
death ?

Not here, he is risen,' the shining one saith.

O type through the ages and symbol of faith,  
Whose spirit is true evermore :

The hearts we have cherished we lose not in  
death,

The grave over love hath no power.  
There sitteth the angel, there speaketh the  
word, —

' Not here, they are risen,' in silence is  
heard.



O ye who still watch in the valley of tears  
And wait for the night to go by,  
Lift, lift up your eyes, on the mountains  
appears

The day-spring of God from on high !  
He turneth the shadows of night into day, —  
' Not here, they are risen,' his shining ones  
say.

SANTA BARBARA, 1894

## WHAT WILL THE VIOLETS BE?

S. A. M.

WHAT will the violets be  
There in the Spring of springs?  
What will the bird-song be  
Where the very tree-bough sings?  
What will their Easter be  
Where never are dead to mourn,  
But brightly the faces ask,  
'O, when will the rest be born?'

Brighter the Easter shines  
On the faces here below,  
That they are behind the flowers,  
The heart of the living glow.  
Beautiful secret, wait!  
A morrow or two, and we  
Shall know in the Spring of springs  
What the violets will be.

## OVER THE LAND IN GLORY

OVER the land in glory  
Breaketh the Easter morn :  
Nature repeateth her story, —  
Life out of death new-born !  
Lo, the year 's at the Spring,  
Buds are blossoming,  
Earth and heavens sing :  
Life is life forever, evermore !

Listen, the birds are singing,  
Softly the south winds play ;  
Bells in the steeples ringing  
Welcome the festal day :  
And the message they bear  
On the radiant air  
Chides sorrow and fear :  
Life is life forever, evermore !

Skies of the spirit brighten,  
     Hopes like the birds return :  
 Hearts with the promise lighten, —  
     ‘ Blessed are they that mourn.’  
 To each winter a Spring  
     God will surely bring,  
     And the heart shall sing :  
     Life is life forever, evermore !

Music : ‘ King’s-Chapel Carols,’ No. 49. 1890

## EASTER FESTIVAL

Lo, the Day of days is here,  
Earth puts on her robes of cheer :  
Day of hope and prophecy,  
Feast of Immortality !  
Fields are smiling in the sun,  
Loosened streamlets seaward run,  
Tender blade and leaf appear,  
'T is the Springtide of the year !  
    Day of hope and prophecy,  
    Feast of Immortality !

Lo, the Day of days is here,  
Hearts, awake and sing with cheer !  
He who robes his earth anew  
Careth for his children too.  
They who look to him in faith  
Triumph over fear and death ;  
Speaks the angel by the door  
'They are risen ' evermore.

Day of hope and prophecy,  
Feast of Immortality !

Lo, the Day of days is here,  
Music thrills the atmosphere.  
Join, ye people all, and sing  
Love and praise and thanksgiving !  
Rocky steep or flowery mead,  
One the Shepherd that doth lead ;  
One the hope within us born,  
One the joy of Easter morn !

Day of hope and prophecy,  
Feast of Immortality !

Music : ' King's-Chapel Carols,' No. 4. 1890

## DISCIPLESHIP

ON the Judæan hills

Would I have seen the light  
The watching shepherds saw,  
Turning to noon the night?  
Would I have seen the star

That new in heaven shone,  
And followed with the few  
The new-born Christ to own?

And if mine ears had heard

The Man of Galilee  
Speaking from heart aflame  
The Truth that maketh free,  
Turning from priest and scribe,  
Dead rite and parchment roll, —  
Would I have hailed in him  
A Prophet of the Soul?

Those words upon the mount,  
By way-sides, in the town, —  
Unwelcome to his time,  
Now Holy Scripture grown, —  
Would I have read in them  
A message from on high,  
Or joined the multitude  
Who cried out *Crucify?*

Ah, vain for you or me  
To question thus the Past!  
Not then but now for us  
The fateful choice is cast;  
Ever the larger faith  
Makes way 'mid doubt and scorn,  
And in its latest word  
Anew the Christ is born.

The true disciples they,  
The wide earth o'er, who own  
Truth in her manger low,  
Ere yet she mounts the throne:  
Who from the dead Christ's tomb  
Take not the stones to slay  
In blinded fear and rage  
The living Christ to-day.



They hear the angels' song,  
    'T is they who see the light  
The watching shepherds saw  
    Making the heavens bright:  
They see the self-same star  
    O'er Bethlehem that shone,  
And follow joyful forth  
    The new-born Christ to own.

## THE MAN OF NAZARETH

‘ A CLOUD received him out of sight,’ —  
Even so; and then men knew no more  
The human presence warm and bright,  
As he had walked the earth before;

The preacher of the mountain-side,  
Teaching the kingdom’s reign within,  
Strong in rebuke of hardened pride,  
Yet pitiful of conscious sin:

But sceptered now, and throned afar,  
They watched in dread his swift return,  
To see before his judgment bar  
The earth dissolve and heavens burn.

The gathered clouds of centuries lift;  
No king in wrath descends to reign,  
Yet king-like through the shining rift  
The Man of Nazareth comes again.

O Friend and Brother, draw more near  
The while thy festival we keep;  
Diviner shall our lives appear  
Held fast in thy high fellowship.

Christmas, 1890

## MARY'S MANGER-SONG

SLEEP, my little Jesus,  
On thy bed of hay,  
While the shepherds homeward  
Journey on their way !  
Mother is thy shepherd  
And will vigil keep :  
O, did the angels wake thee ?  
Sleep, my Jesus, sleep !

Sleep, my little Jesus,  
While thou art my own !  
Ox and ass thy neighbors, —  
Shalt thou have a throne ?  
Will they call me blessed ?  
Shall I stand and weep ?  
O, be it far, Jehovah !  
Sleep, my Jesus, sleep !

Sleep, my little Jesus,  
Wonder-baby mine !  
Well the singing angels  
Greet thee as divine.  
Through my heart, as heaven,  
Low the echoes sweep  
Of Glory to Jehovah !  
Sleep, my Jesus, sleep !

Music : ' The Carol,' page 44. 1882

## WHITTIER

No thrush at eve had ever sweeter song  
Than thine whose voice no more on earth  
    we hear ;  
Nor winds and flowing streams more please  
    the ear,  
Nor to the speech of Nature more belong.  
And yet thy heart beat ever with the throng  
Of toil ; the lowliest life thou didst revere  
And the wide law of brotherhood hold dear,  
Most mindful still of all who suffered wrong.

Best loved of all the choir we loved so well,  
'T was thine to bring again the Master near,  
And hymn to men the Goodness without end :  
Psalmist we call thee of our Israel,  
Child of the Spirit, poet, prophet, seer, —  
And to us all, of every name, the *Friend* !

## WHITTIER

A RUGGED rock is the mountain,  
Rock from the base to crown ;  
But the mountain glens and valleys,  
Where the brooks come leaping down,  
Are gardens of tender, ferny things,  
Sweet tangles of green and brown.

Like the mountain stood our poet !  
Strength of the hills was he,  
In the quiet sky uplifted,  
A moveless sanctity ;  
And the listening lands heard thunders roll  
Of his Sinai prophecy.

But the brooks in his heart were singing,  
Singing all night and day,  
And rhymes like the mosses nestled  
Over the ledges gray,  
And a poet's radiant world of flowers  
Out-bloomed from the Yea and Nay.

## ‘NOTHING BUT A POET’

*‘He sat and talked of his own early life and aspirations; how he marvelled, as he looked back, at the audacious obstinacy which had made him, when a youth, determine to be a poet and nothing but a poet.’* — EDMUND GOSSE ON ROBERT BROWNING.

‘NOTHING but a poet!’ So he said, and  
wondered

At the sole persistence of his years.  
Laughing world, you’ll know it, now that,  
silence-sundered,  
He is in the welcome of his peers.

What said Milton to him, what said Keats  
and Shakespeare?

O, to see the smile on Dante’s face!  
Catch the great Greek χαῖρε, hear the ‘bronze  
throat’ hail him,  
‘Browning’s come among us, — give him  
place!’



'Nothing but a poet,' singing songs of soul-  
growth,

Splendor in the pain-throb, rise in fall,  
'Saul the failure' in us re-creating kingly, —  
Songs one surge of morning ! That was all !

Browning Commemoration, 1890

## REMBRANDT

*Suggested by the portrait of his mother in the  
Hermitage, St. Petersburg.*

GAZING upon that face where years have  
wrought

The record of their mingled loss and gain,  
Where Love and Death, alternate joy and  
pain,

Have the hid soul to such expression  
brought, —

Life fills with vaster meaning to my thought.  
'Neath change and loss I read what things  
remain

To crown at last the struggle and the strain  
Of all our days, remembered or forgot.

O mighty Master! Shakespeare of the brush!  
Interpreting to eye, as he to ear,

The story of earth's passion and its strife, —  
Thy genius caught the new day's morning  
flush,

Saw glory in the common and the near,  
And on immortal canvas gave us LIFE!

1892

## THE SOWER

*'A sower went forth to sow.'*

ALONG the pathless prairie  
The tread of human feet, —  
Up rise the smoke-plumed cabins  
Mid springing corn and wheat.  
Where, like a lonely ocean,  
The wind-swept grasses swung,  
The golden sheaves are gathered,  
The harvest song is sung.

In vigil of the spirit  
A young-eyed listener heard, —  
'Go forth among thy fellows,  
Thy seed the living Word!  
By springs of joy and sorrow,  
In fields of toil and care,  
Through deserts of temptation,  
Broadcast thy faith and prayer.'

From year to year the prairie  
Has waved with ripened grain,  
Borne on the tides of traffic  
Wide over land and main.  
But who shall mart the harvest  
Of nobler thought and deed,  
Of holier faith and purpose,  
Sprung from the sower's seed ?

O brave and faithful sower,  
Not thine on earth to bind  
The full sheaves of thy harvest,  
The growths of heart and mind :  
Outspreads in widening circles  
The life-embodied Word,  
And they shall bear thee witness  
Thy voice who never heard.

The people cease from labor,  
The children leave their play ;  
All bring thee love and honor  
To crown thy festal day.

The heavens glow in beauty  
Lit by the westering sun,  
And God's far stars shall guide thee  
When the long day is done.

Chester Covell, Seventieth birthday, 1887

## JOHN C. LEARNED

THY work abides, though thou hast passed  
from sight :

Unconsciously hast thou thy monument  
From year to year built fair and permanent  
In lives to which thine own was cheer and  
light.

Wisdom and meekness clothed thee with  
their might ;  
In thee the sage and saint were equal blent ;  
Strength, courage, tenderness dwelt in thy  
tent,

Thou soldier of the everlasting Right !

By so much as we mourn thee, we rejoice  
That we have known thee in these earthly  
ways,

And with thee striven for the things unseen :  
Still in our silences will speak thy voice  
And thy dear memory inspire our days,  
Till we too pass the veil that hangs between.

December, 1893

## ‘INCARNATE CHEER’

*‘Have n’t I a right to be grave, too, sometimes?’*  
J. Ll. J.

No rights of gravity to thee, dear friend !  
We need one face about our world to mend  
Heart’s hurt and set jarred minds in tune,  
And sure to do this as the blessed June ;  
One voice whose bell shall ring away all  
fear ;  
One hand in which we grasp ‘incarnate  
cheer ;’  
One steadfast smile rayed out from eyes  
alight,  
To make men say, ‘He’s come ! now all is  
right !’

To J. Ll. J. on his birthday, 1887



## THIRTY THOUSAND

‘THIRTY thousand!’ said the Fate,  
Mixer of the days to be,  
As she passed the mystic gate, —  
Little Quaker baby, she!

Thirty thousand days and nights —  
This the dower with which she came :  
All their sounds and all their sights  
Vested in the tiny dame.

‘Thirty thousand,’ said the Fate ;  
But who draw the royal breath  
Into deeds the days translate,  
Dainty Queen Elizabeth !

Price is high for royal dowers ;  
Thee must *earn* thy golden state !  
Spendthrift gods fling out the hours,  
Miser gods keep count and weight.

---

Day and night and night and day,  
One by one the thousands flee:  
Lady of the Yea and Nay,  
Thou *hast* earned thy queenerie !

Earned it as a noble should,  
Dauntless, tireless, gentle-strong ;  
Giving Yea to every good,  
Daring Nay to every wrong.

Not in calendars thy fame,  
But secrete in happy prayer ;  
Lips have blessed thee — not by name —  
Thanking God for ‘daily care.’

Thou dost leave a sweeter earth,  
Less of poison, less of fen,  
By thy precedent of worth  
Stablished in the world’s Amen.

Thou art part of all uplift !  
One tint brighter rises morn  
Henceforth ever, — this thy gift  
Wheresoe’er a child is born.

To E. B. C., on her eightieth birthday, 1886

## GOLDEN WEDDING

WHAT do you see, dear hill-top pair,  
Side by side in the quiet there,  
Looking down through the golden air  
On the days of long ago ?

Sounds of the valley's push and throng,  
Din of its labor and cries of its wrong, —  
Do they rise and blend to an evening song,  
As you stand and listen so ?

Is the valley filling with shadows dim ?  
Do the hills grow bright on the eastern rim,  
The hills where you played so free of limb,  
In the days of long ago ?

Tell us your secrets, our two-in-one !  
Do fifty years of the rising sun  
Draw love the closer for each year run, —  
Will you whisper, you who know ?

Beautiful secrets that none can tell  
Till sunsets chant and the roses spell, —  
As they *do* for twos ! as two knew well  
In the days of long ago.

But say, O lover by love long taught,  
Why, under the gray the years have brought,  
She stands as a *maiden* to our thought,  
And a rose that waits to blow.

Tell us the secret of home-spun ways,  
Of spinning-wheel hours in city days,  
Clean and calm as a Quaker phrase  
Of the simple long ago.

Tell what you see on the *farther* side,  
Where the new horizons open wide,  
And you hear the step of a coming Guide  
The way of the hills to show.

Out of the quiet that holds you there  
There seems to float through the golden air,  
Like the brooding music after prayer  
Or a song of long ago : —

‘Little we see ; but hand in hand  
Fearless we turn to the still, new land,  
Fearless to go as here to stand ;  
For this in our hearts we know, —

‘Wherever we go, Love goeth too ;  
Whatever may pass, Love lasteth through ;  
And Love shall be sweet and dear and true  
As in days of long ago.’

For J. D. and M. D. : 1836-1886

## TWILIGHT

THE sunset glow is ebbing ;  
    Within the rose-rimmed sky  
The stars wait wide and lonely  
    The slow day's passing by.

The evening dusks the valleys ;  
    The hill-tops yet are lit ;  
The shadow broadens upward,  
    And the quiet climbs with it.

All that the day dissevers  
    Now, in the twilight dun,  
Nestles again together, —  
    The far and the near are one.

---

Within her cloistered chamber  
    Brooded the evening peace,  
As the dear life faded slowly,  
    Too happy to wish release.

In the widening hush she waited,  
In the beautiful after-glow,  
The hills of her memory gleaming,  
The shadows climbing below.

The holy twilight falling  
Was not of the star and sun ;  
The earth and the heaven lights mingled, —  
And the far and near were one.

O. M. N., 1894

## ‘DEATH AS FRIEND’

*After a picture by Alfred Rethel*

So still !

The little bird sits on the window-sill ;  
The sun behind him is sinking slow ;  
Down below in the city streets  
The people are going to and fro, —  
Going home, for their work is done.

‘Tong! Tong!’

It is vesper-hour,  
And soft strong booms  
Steal out from the great cathedral tower  
Over the house-tops, over the plain,  
Out towards the sun :  
‘Tong! Tong!’  
Go home, for work is done!’

The old bell-ringer,  
He, too, is so still !  
Fifty years, at the vesper hour,  
He has rung the bell in his cyrie tower ;



A dweller there with the birds in the sky,  
In the fields of quiet that overlie  
The toil of cities, — ringing 'Peace!  
Go home, for work is done!'

There, alone,  
Where the undertone  
Of the city toil moans up to him,  
He has done his part in the busy day,  
Ringing the pauses for men to pray, —  
Simply, faithfully, fifty years;  
Ever, in heart, at his oaken board  
Breaking his bread with the crucified Lord,  
In whose great name  
The bells proclaim  
'Peace! go home, for work is done!'

One by one  
The strokes sound on.  
He sits in the chair by the window-sill:  
The little bird wonders at him so still,  
So still in the fingers, so still in the face!  
'What ails the ringer?' the people say,  
'The vesper-bell rings long to-day:  
We have all gone home,  
And work is done.'

Low, low,  
In the evening glow,  
It tolls and tolls.

In the belfry stands a hooded shape,  
With a palmer's shell on his shoulder-cape,  
As one who goeth from place to place:  
He grasps the rope with a bony hand,  
Bending with a tender grace  
To each rhythm of sweeping sound.  
With a noiseless foot he has climbed the stair,  
And touched the old man sitting there,  
Waiting for the vesper-hour, and said,  
'To-night I ring for you, old friend :  
Go home, for work is done !'

So still !

The little bird flies from the window-sill,  
The sun has set, and down below  
The people are saying, 'It never rang so,  
Never before, so sweet and low !'

R. Ll. J., 1885

A. L. G.

1846

So early lost, I cannot tell the lift  
Of mother-arms! A toy or two, her gift;  
A small white gown, her needle in its seam;  
And, dim as is a dream within a dream,  
A little figure at a shadow's feet,  
Or walking hand in hand upon the street, —  
A gentle shadow with an unseen face, —  
No smile, no tone, no foot-fall mine for trace :  
That is my unknown Mother!

Yet I know  
The inmost currents of my being flow  
From her high springs; the faiths that in me  
    rise  
Have once made happy lights within her  
    eyes;

The gardens of my heart are seeded thick  
With border-blooms that first in hers were  
    quick ;  
My very thought of God is her bequest,  
Sealed mine before I lay upon her breast !

O Mother, could an earthly smile suffice,  
And *these* not serve me well to recognize ?  
Inwrought and deathless tokens pledge us  
    joy  
What day my Mother meets her grateful  
    boy !

## ALMA MATER

FROM many ways and wide apart,  
Obedient to thy call,  
Hither we turn with loyal heart,  
Dear Mother of us all!

We walk the well-known paths once more  
Amid the summer's bloom;  
We pass familiar thresholds o'er,  
And breathe the air of home.

Nor we alone; they come unseen,  
Unheard their footsteps fall;  
Voices long hushed to earth within  
The cloistered silence call.

O, more than gold has been the lore  
We learned beside thy knee, —  
The faith that grows from more to more,  
The truth that maketh free;

The strength to do and to endure  
Through good report and ill,  
The heart of love, the conscience pure,  
And the undaunted will.

Be proud, O Mother, of thy past !  
It lives in thee to-day ;  
And still its high traditions cast  
Their light upon thy way.

Our love and hope ring out their chime  
Above thy festival ;  
Blessings upon thee through all time,  
Thou who hast blessed us all !

1890

## THE VILLAGE MEETING-HOUSE

STILL stands the ancient meeting-house  
Upon the village-green,  
And white above the circling trees  
The belfry tower is seen.

Uncolored through the simple panes  
The common sunlight pours ;  
No Gothic arches spring above  
The latched and painted doors.

Their thresholds witness to the tread  
Of feet long since at rest  
In yonder field of moss-grown slates  
With Bible-text impressed.

No more at rise and set of sun  
Is heard the numbered toll  
That spoke to all the country round  
The passing of a soul :

Yet still with every new-born week,  
Across the meadows fair  
And over all the upland farms,  
Sounds the old call to prayer.

I walked again the village street  
By absence made more dear ;  
That summer Sunday held the bloom  
And fragrance of the year.

I followed with the worshippers  
The ancient house within ;  
For me with all I saw and heard  
Was mingled what had been.

For memory had new-kindled love,  
And love had quickened faith ;  
I lived that hour within a world  
That knew not change and death.

I minded not the preacher's theme,  
Nor caught the words of prayer ;  
My thought had passed within the veil  
And walked with spirits there.



The faithful shepherd of the flock,  
Whose years knew such increase,  
Who led in wisdom's simple ways  
And by the streams of peace ;

The wise and upright citizen,  
To each good cause allied,  
Who brightened more an honored name  
Through all the country-side ;

And souls that well had borne their part,  
And little children fair ; —  
Their unforgotten faces gleamed  
In the illumined air.

I love the minster's vaulted roof,  
Its walls of old renown,  
Where sculptured marbles voice the past  
And windowed saints look down :

Nor less I feel our Hebrew strain,  
Distrustful still of art,  
That lifts to the Invisible  
Immediate the heart.

For inward more than outward is,  
     The soul than any shrine ;  
 Alone our living love and trust  
     The altar make divine.

Long may the ancient meeting-house  
     Rise from the village-green,  
 And over all the country round  
     Its belfried tower be seen :

Still may the call to praise and prayer  
     Be heard each Sunday morn,  
 And bind in growing faith the past  
     With ages yet unborn !

NORTHBOROUGH, MASS.

## THE DAYS

IN Father Time's old nursery  
The little Morrows wait,  
Each one impatient to be out,  
Impatient to be great ;  
On bravely through the sun to go,  
On bravely through the showers,  
A world to see, a Day to be !  
The happy-hearted Hours !

So one by one he lets them out,  
His Days so young and strong,  
The morning shining in their face,  
And on their lips a song.  
When home they come, their work all done,  
There 's quiet in their ways,  
And shadows rise and haunt their eyes, —  
They 're dear old *Yesterdays* !

And now we love them for the half  
Of all that we hold dear, —  
The echo-side of every word,  
The far to every near ;  
The sunset touch to every hope  
That fades along our skies,  
The after-dream, the vanished gleam,  
The love in long-shut eyes.

ROCHESTER : ' Fiftieth Anniversary,' 1892

## THE OLD LOVE-SONG

PLAY it slowly, sing it lowly,  
Old, familiar tune !  
Once it ran in dance and dimple,  
Like a brook in June ;  
Now it sobs along the measures  
With a sound of tears ;  
Dear old voices echo through it,  
Vanished with the years.

Ripple, ripple, goes the love-song,  
Till in slowing time  
Early sweetness grows completeness,  
Floods its every rhyme.  
Who together learn the music  
Life and death unfold,  
Know that love is but beginning  
Until love is old.

Play it slowly, — it is holy  
As an evening hymn ;  
Morning gladness hushed to sadness  
Fills it to the brim.  
Memories home within the music,  
Stealing through the bars ;  
Thoughts within its quiet spaces  
Rise and set like stars.

For J. W. C. and A. H. C. : 1865-1890

## THE DEAR TOGETHERNESS

I DREAMED of Paradise, — and still,  
Though sun lay soft on vale and hill  
And trees were green and rivers bright,  
The one dear thing that made delight  
    By sun or stars or Eden weather,  
    Was just that we two were together.

I dreamed of Heaven, — with God so near!  
The angels trod the shining sphere,  
And each was beautiful; the days  
Were choral work, were choral praise:  
    And yet in Heaven's far-shining weather  
    The best was still, — we were together!

I woke, — and lo, my dream was true,  
That happy dream of me and you!  
For Eden, Heaven, no need to roam, —  
The foretaste of it all is Home,  
    Where you and I through this world's  
    weather  
    Still work and praise and thank together.

Together weave from love a nest  
 For all that 's good and sweet and blest  
 To brood in, till it come a face,  
 A voice, a soul, a child's embrace, —  
     And then what peace of Bethlehem wea-  
         ther,  
     What songs as we go on together !

Together greet life's solemn real,  
 Together own one glad ideal,  
 Together laugh, together ache,  
 And think one thought, 'each other's sake,'  
     And hope one hope, — in new-world wea-  
         ther  
     To still go on, and go together !

Home Dedication, 1891



## HERO BY BREVET

I SAW a veteran to-day,  
With hobbling foot and staff to stay,  
In slow march by the window stray.

‘What rank?’ There was no epaulet, —  
Some humble rank that privates get:  
The face said, *Hero by brevet*.

‘What regiment?’ I only know  
They take the front where’er they go,  
As that were badge enough to show.

‘No colors?’ None that I could see, —  
A few gray locks were waving free,  
Like shot-torn banners greeting me.

‘In service where?’ How could I guess?  
No boast of battles marred the dress,  
But eyes were full of field-success.

‘No scars or maim, no empty sleeve?’

Only the smile that sufferings leave

And weary days and nights achieve.

‘And all alone, — no comrade-brother?’

Alone, yet loved beyond all other.

‘By whom?’ By men who call her —

Mother!

1886

## NURSERY LOGIC

THERE in the nursery stood the ease,  
Old and battered and brown with age, —  
Dear Aunt Ann's with the saintly face, —  
Till one of our toddlers, in cherubic rage,  
Chanced on a spring and a drawer flew wide,  
And lo, a plain gold ring inside !

Wee Aunt Ann with the mystic smile,  
*That* was the secret thy eyes held fast !  
Did they learn their smile in the long-ago  
while  
When the wooers came and the wooers  
passed,  
And not one dreamed that a drawer flew  
wide,  
A drawer with a plain gold ring inside ?

Nobody guessed from then till now,  
Little maid-aunt, thy secret sweet !  
Then nobody *shall*, but he and thou,  
Long in the heaven where old loves meet.  
But — knows he yet that a drawer flew wide  
To show his plain gold ring inside ?

So we all agreed, the children and I,  
Dropping again the ring in its place,  
Never to spy what lives so shy  
There in the heart of the old brown case.  
But the children say, ‘ If a drawer flew  
wide, —  
There ’s a dear little uncle and aunt inside ! ’

*Who ?* is his name. O, *they* know well, —  
Have christened him, wedded him now for  
true !  
But that is her secret, and they won’t tell ;  
So it ’s just ‘ Aunt Ann and Uncle *Who ?* ’  
And (bless their logic !) they hear, inside,  
Three little dream-cousins who laugh and  
hide.

Cousins real to the poets small,

Brooding the dream, as they themselves;  
Christened and characterized, each and all,

Discrete, insular, untwinned elves !

Poets — or prophets ? Should heaven open  
wide,

Whose are the children at Aunt Ann's side ?

1888

## HOW LITTLE JO NAMED THE BABY

HE stood beside the cradle,  
A tender-brooding care,  
Watching with love-illuminated eyes  
The baby brother there.

He stood beside the cradle,  
While busily without  
The mother plied her morning work  
The happy home about.

Three moons had bloomed and faded  
Since 'Baby' earthward came,  
Nor yet with seeking far or near  
Was found a fitting name.

Anon the door was opened, —

The mother paused and smiled,  
As, face all tremulous with joy,  
Up spake the little child :

‘ Mamma, I ’ve named the baby ! ’

‘ You have ? What is it, Jo ? ’

‘ I ’m going to call him God, Mamma,  
That ’s the best name I know.’

O depth of heavenly wisdom

Alone to love unsealed, —

Hid from the wise and prudent ones  
And unto babes revealed !

Wee prophet of the Highest,

Who touched thy little tongue

To speak so clear the holiest thought  
That e’er was said or sung?

The preaching of the pulpit

Seems vague and far away,

Beside thy bolder faith that sees  
‘ Immanuel ’ to-day.

Ah, well if in each other,  
As through the world we go,  
We saw what in that babe was seen  
And named by little Jo !

CLEVELAND, 1886



## IN THE ALBULA PASS.

To right, to left, the mountain wall —  
    Above, the narrow strip of sky;  
And at my feet the Albula stream  
    With youth's impatience rushes by.

The air comes cool from snowy heights  
    And tonic with the breath of pine;  
Around me like a glory spread  
    The flowers in rainbow beauty shine.

I leave the cares that weighed me down,  
    The heat and burden of the plain;  
I feel the strengthening of the hills  
    And drink the wine of youth again.

Why thus in haste, bright mountain stream,  
    To leave these haunts, so fair to me,  
Full soon to find the dusty plain,  
    Too soon the all-engulfing sea?

There comes a voice, — the streams can  
speak! —

‘ Fair is my home and youth is free,  
And glad my days, yet will I go  
On to the plain, the unknown sea !

‘ For life is motion and not rest,  
Nor fear I what at last shall be ;  
The Hand that raised these mountain heights  
Has scooped the hollows of the sea ! ’

I turn me from the happy stream,  
All bright the years before me lie ;  
The mountains sink as up I climb,  
And nearer grows the widening sky.

CANTON GRISONS, July, 1888

## CORONADO BEACH

THE air is tonic with the salty breath  
Of coursing billows that at last are free ;  
Sounds low and sweet old Ocean's symphony,  
Whose thought the varying heart interpreteth.

With upturned face and folded palms in  
death

Lies Corpus Christi in mute effigy ;  
Point Loma, sphinx-like, gazes o'er the sea  
Nor heeds the questioning wave that breaks  
beneath.

Along the shore the solemn mountains keep  
Their immemorial watch ; in yonder town,  
Sheltered between them and the curving  
deep,

Unheard the tides of life move up and down.  
O peace of Nature ! here my burdens fall,  
I rest upon the mighty Heart of all !

SAN DIEGO, February, 1894

## DOVER

MOUSE-HOLE in December,  
Quiet little Dover!  
What shall I remember,  
Now the days are over?

Snow in hushes falling;  
Blue days creeping by;  
Trees in still processions  
Etched upon the sky;  
And a silent village  
Where the gray stones lean,  
Whispering of a Dover  
They alone have seen.

All I shall remember,  
Now the days are over, —  
Mouse-hole in December,  
Quiet little Dover!

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When I shall be lying  
With a gray stone over,  
Will this great World dim to  
Just a little Dover?

DOVER, MASS., 1886

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WE SEE AS WE ARE

THE poem hangs on the berry-bush,  
When comes the poet's eye ;  
The street begins to masquerade,  
When Shakespeare passes by.

The Christ sees white in Judas' heart,  
He loves his traitor well ;  
And God, to angel his new Heaven,  
Explores his lowest Hell.

1885

## TREE-SURPRISE

THERE 's a rapture in the air,  
Thrilling all the branches bare  
With the musical vibrations of an unheard  
tune ;  
Silent trees in winter trance  
Feel a something in them dance, —  
Then a leaf and bud commotion, and a world  
one June !

There 's a trouble in the air,  
And a fog of white despair ;  
Stiff and black the trees are standing, — are  
they dead, all dead ?  
In an hour I lift my eyes,  
And, behold ! a tree-surprise, —  
Every twig is flashing crystal from the white  
gloom bred !

Unheard music in the air,  
Is it rapture or despair  
In my tree of life the Hands will play for  
this day's tune?  
But why ask it or why care,  
With that gloom-born beauty there,  
And the Hands to play December that shall  
yet play June?

1885



## A DAY IN OCTOBER

I LEAVE behind the crowded street,  
The city's noise and stir,  
And face to face with Nature meet, —  
Her happy worshipper.

I walk the unfrequented road  
With open eye and ear;  
I watch afield the farmer load  
The bounty of the year.

I filch the fruit of no man's toil,  
No trespasser am I,  
And yet I reap from every soil  
And the unmeasured sky.

I gather where I did not sow,  
And bind in mystic sheaf  
The amber air, the river's flow,  
The rustle of the leaf, —

The squirrels' chatter in the trees,  
The sunlight sifted down,  
The wholesome odors on the breeze  
O'er ripened harvests blown, —

The hills in distance purple-hued,  
The tinkling waterfall,  
The 'deep contentment of the wood,'  
The peace o'erbrooding all.

The maples glow beside the streams  
And fleck the pastures sear,  
Like smiles that break from happy dreams, —  
So smiles the waning year!

A beauty springtime never knew  
Haunts all the quiet ways,  
And sweeter shines the landscape through  
Its veil of autumn haze.

The blessing of the early rain  
And all the summer's shine  
Are garnered in the golden grain  
And purple of the vine.

What though the groves are silent all,  
No bird within them sings,  
Nor on the quiet meadows fall  
Shadows from sunlit wings :

Yet is their summer music part  
Of the still atmosphere, —  
So Nature keeps by subtle art  
To sight what pleased the ear.

And all my separate senses seem  
To be but passive keys,  
Whereon she plays her world-old theme  
To wondrous harmonies.

I face the hills, the streams, the wood,  
And feel with all akin ;  
I ope my heart, — their fortitude  
And peace and joy flow in.

Like him of old on Horeb's mount  
I take again my way,  
New-strengthened from the healing fount  
Of this October day.

MICHIGAN, 1892



## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

---

	PAGE
'A cloud received him out of sight' . . .	62
A little House of Life . . . . .	31
Along the pathless prairie . . . . .	72
A rugged rock is the mountain . . . . .	67
As silent as the sun-gleam in the forest . .	29
 Bring, O Morn, thy music! Bring, O Night, thy hushes . . . . .	11
 From age to age they gather . . . . .	40
From many ways and wide apart . . . . .	89
 Gazing upon that face where years have wrought . . . . .	70
 He laid his rocks in courses . . . . .	46
He stood beside the cradle . . . . .	106
 I dreamed of Paradise, — and still . . . .	99
I leave behind the crowded street . . . .	117
In Father Time's old nursery . . . . .	95
I saw a veteran to-day . . . . .	101
It sounds along the ages . . . . .	48
 Lo, the Day of days is here . . . . .	57



122      *INDEX OF FIRST LINES*

	PAGE
'Mid my life's vicissitude . . . . .	30
Mouse-hole in December . . . . .	112
No rights of gravity to thee, dear friend . .	76
'Nothing but a poet!' So he said, and won- dered . . . . .	68
No thrush at eve had ever sweeter song . .	66
Not when, with self dissatisfied . . . . .	33
O Fount of Being's sea . . . . .	22
O Light, from age to age the same . . . .	42
O Lord of Life, where'er they be . . . . .	50
One thing I do ; the things behind forgetting	35
On eyes that watch through sorrow's night .	51
On the Judæan hills . . . . .	59
On the rock and girt with ice . . . . .	14
O Prophet souls of all the years . . . . .	9
O Thou in lonely vigil led . . . . .	13
O Thou whose Spirit witness bears . . . .	20
Over hills and valleys . . . . .	26
Over the land in glory . . . . .	55
Play it slowly, sing it lowly . . . . .	97
Sleep, my little Jesus . . . . .	64
So early lost, I cannot tell the lift . . . .	87
So still ! The little bird sits on the window-sill	84
Still stands the ancient meeting-house . . .	91
The air is tonic with the salty breath . . .	111
The morning hangs its signal . . . . .	16

	PAGE
The poem hangs on the berry-bush . . . .	114
There in the nursery stood the case . . . .	103
There 's a rapture in the air . . . . .	115
They came, bringing spices, at break of the day	52
The sunset glow is ebbing . . . . .	82
'Thirty thousand !' said the Fate . . . .	77
This edelweiss I wear was not first mine . .	15
Thy kingdom come, — on bended knee . .	18
Thy work abides, though thou hast passed from sight . . . . .	75
To right, to left, the mountain wall . . . .	109
Unto thee, abiding ever . . . . .	24
What do you see, dear hill-top pair . . . .	79
Whatsoever is just and pure . . . . .	38
What will the violets be . . . . .	54
Where men on mounts of vision . . . . .	44









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